

Good Morning

\$95

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

WHAT PRICE A FLAG?

Every flag tells a story and some of them fetch big money as souvenirs—a few are beyond price and will rest in national shrines, says **RONALD GARTH**

GOTTA German flag, chum? Gotta swastika? High prices are already being paid, in some cases, for battle souvenirs brought back by Servicemen from the fighting fronts of land and sea.

One eager curio-hunter has made a fruitless bid to French H.Q. in London for the first French flag to be raised in liberated Normandy, and £25 was recently paid for a 6ft. by 3ft. Nazi flag captured at Tobruk.

A bluejacket who got away with a large Nazi naval flag when he was one of a boarding party on an enemy ship has refused offers of £5 for his trophy; but, technically, the flag is the property of his ship.

LADYSMITH. A soldier can take home a captured enemy flag as his personal property if his C.O. gives permission, but neither the War Office nor the Admiralty seem to have definitely decided when a flag ceases to be "enemy equipment."

Every flag tells a story, but sometimes the record isn't allowed to count. Hundreds of pounds were once offered for the historic Union Jack which remained hoisted day and night during the great siege of Ladysmith.

In the end it was returned to store by the ordnance department as a "Flag, Union Jack, part worn."

Some flags are beyond price and beyond selling. The ensign of H.M.S. "Ark Royal" was carried from town to town during "Warship Weeks," and will no doubt have an eventual resting place in a national shrine.

SCOTT'S BANNER. Hundreds of honoured flags hang in the churches and cathedrals of Britain. On board the King's yacht, "Victoria and Albert," a small, frayed White Ensign is displayed in a plain black frame.

It flew above Captain Scott during his last voyage to the Antarctic, and it was found, still flying, amid the snowdrifts around Scott's tent.

One flag recently even received a medal. It is the original flag presented to one of the three regiments of the Belgian Air Force by King Albert in 1919, and it was awarded the Croix de Guerre with Bar.

The Belgians burned many flags at G.H.Q. in 1940 rather than allow the Germans to capture them, and the Nazis failed to capture a single flag.

The airmen who did the job couldn't bring themselves to destroy the old Air Force flag, so they merely pretended to burn it. For three years it lay rolled in a cartridge box concealed in a wood until a Belgian airman from Britain retrieved it.

The flag of the Polish Air Force has a great story. In the winter of 1939 the Polish airmen in France were idle for lack of aircraft, but they knew the day was coming when they would need a flag and all it could imply.

One of the airmen wrote to his home-town, Wilno, for a squadron banner. The letter got through the censorship and reached its destination. Gold and silver threads were needed to embroider the flag, and there were none in looted Wilno.

One woman secretly went to Berlin to get them. It was a long and difficult job. The flag had to be made under the nose of the Nazis and then smuggled out of the country. Every yard of the way exacted a toll of heroism, but finally the flag reached London as a gift from the women of occupied Poland.

HITLER'S LOWERED. Compare the standards and ideals that underlie this story with the record of Hitler's "personal banner," which was stolen from Germany shortly before the war by a decamping adjutant and sold in South America.

It brought a good price in Buenos Aires, but the new owner committed suicide shortly afterwards. The flag was auctioned again, queerly enough, in Paris, and bought by a would-be quailing, who perhaps hoped to get in with Hitler by restoring the flag.

He was shot dead, and two years ago the flag was auctioned in New York, and fetched only thirty dollars. A month or two ago it came up for auction again. This time there were no bidders!

Preview of Sister Barbara for Tel. Alfred Stone

FOR you, Wireless Telegraphist Alfred Stone, we present a preview of your five-month-old sister Barbara, whom we saw when we called at 27 Longbow House, Phillip Street, Hoxton.

If you will excuse all the B's, Alf, we will tell you that your sister is a beautiful and bonny baby, and although you haven't seen her yet, she is very interested in your photograph. When she looks at it she makes noises which sound very rude to us, but which probably mean "brother Alf" in baby language.

Your mother is looking very well, as you will see from the photograph, and you will no doubt have noticed your Aunt Carrie with her.

Dad is still having fun on the buses. The night before we called he got mixed up with a fog and arrived home four hours late. Incidentally, Alf, we had some fun in the fog, too, but that's another story. Remind us to tell it to you some time.

In these days of make-do and mend, dressmakers are having a busy time of it, and

Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

ON her first war patrol in Far Eastern waters one of H.M. Submarines sank an ammunition ship and supply vessel, beached a tug and a lighter, and severely damaged or sank eight coastal supply craft.

Lt. J. A. R. Troup, D.S.C., R.N., commanding officer of the submarine, describing his exploits, said it was "an interesting patrol, which had immense value as a 'shakedown' for the ship's company."

The Senior Officer of the submarine's flotilla, on the other hand, said:—

"I consider this patrol to be an outstanding one in every way. The Commanding Officer displayed the greatest determination, courage and shrewdness in his efforts to damage the enemy, and his courage was not marred by any foolhardiness."

Lieut. Troup's first eventful encounter was with a 1,000-ton vessel which the submarine attacked while on the surface in daylight.

"We surfaced to give chase," said Lieut. Troup, "but were forced by aircraft to dive."

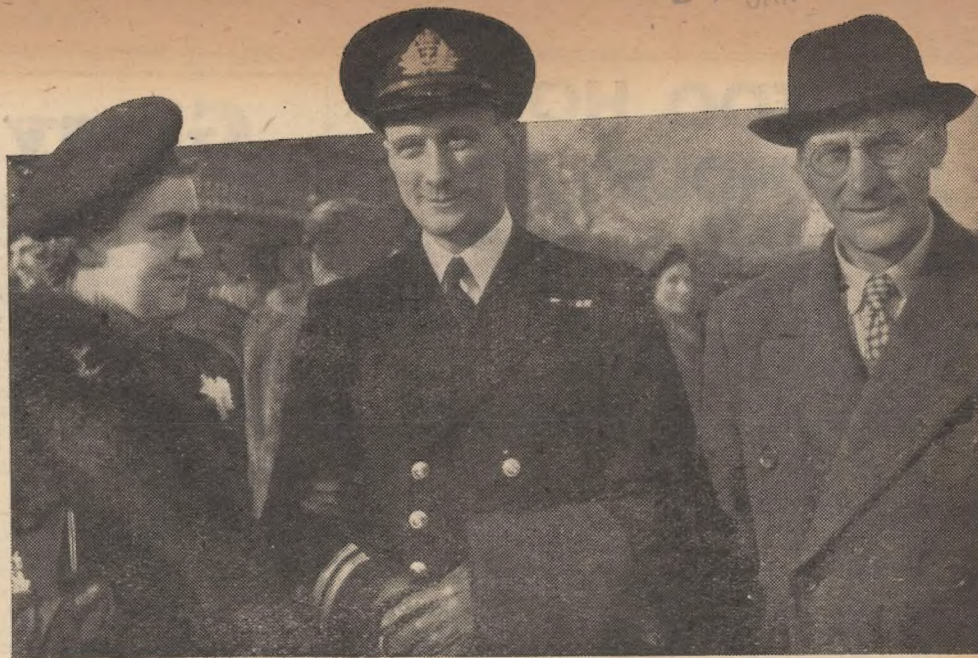
"Estimations, of course, and range were extremely difficult owing to constant mirage effect, but after a while it became apparent that we could not get within firing range in time if we stayed submerged so, as we thought the enemy was unescorted, we surfaced for gun action."

"On surfacing we saw what we at first believed to be a rock, and it was not until it moved off at high speed that it was realised to be a motor torpedo boat coming for us at a good 30 knots. We dived again, but not until we had fired a number of rounds and obtained several hits on the supply ship."

Another of Lieut. Troup's targets was a vessel laden with ammunition.

"We fired one torpedo," he said, "and the ship blew up with a tremendous explosion. It literally 'rained ship' for 15 seconds afterwards."

"A second vessel was then engaged and forced ashore. She was later seen with the top of her mast and crossyard protruding from the water."



Lieut. P. E. Newstead, after receiving the D.S.C., with his wife and father outside the Palace.

NINE letters in this morning's bag ask for photographs taken at H.M.S. Forth during my visit last year. They are all in the post, gents—hope you will like them.

Stoker Winterbottom writes on behalf of two messmates—can't youse guys write? Can't imagine how your name got on the page E.R.A. Arthur Evans—did someone squeak? Anyway, how I was able to remember any names after that sippers session will forever remain a mystery.

Did you gentlemen realise, by the way, that I lunched with the Captain immediately after Mr. Fink declared the grog had expired?

I enjoyed my lunch I did. Other copies have gone to E.R.A. N. Sedgman, E.R.A. J. Townsend, Telegraphist J. Gerraghty, Stoker D. Bremner, E.R.A. Robert Dodkin, E.R.A. W. Farrell and E.R.A. D. Gillespie.

Thanks for the co-operation.

TOO bad your letter arrived just after my return from Ireland, E.R.A. Bill Airey. We don't have a correspondent over there, so until I can get over again, there is little chance of a family picture for you. However, being very partial to the Emerald Isle, I hope it won't be too long. And the home cooking you mention—I certainly would like to look

in on the family at grub-time. Thanks a lot for the invitation. Glad you like the paper, Bill—thanks for the detailed criticism. Keep in touch.

"GIBBERERS' GAZETTE," official organ of His Majesty's Submarine "Thule," is going well, I'm told, and from the copy of the second edition which I find in the post, I can endorse that.

The magazine is a trifle scrappy, and, I think, a trifle on the light side, but is extremely amusing and well done.

FROM "Sceptre Sunshine" I take this paragraph, headed, "Small Talk":

The quietness in the control-room had gone on for some time when one of the A.B.s, in order to relieve the air, began to speak of small matters. As was to be expected, the subject turned to our counterparts, the Midget S.M.s. "Hell," said one A.B., "Fancy getting the order to 'Take a cupful out of 'A' to adjust the trim.' Before the joke could sink in, however, the voice of a second A.B. was heard to add, 'And told to pass it aft slowly to avoid upsetting the after trim.'"

A DUTCH submarine operating in the Pacific captured a Japanese captain in the Marine Corps who was wearing a "Rising Sun" flag as a bathing suit.

The submarine had a shoot-ing duel with a Japanese patrol-boat, which came off worst, and the captain was flung into the sea. As he swam around, the submarine's commander called out:

"Just swim along, old boy. Come aboard," and the Japanese climbed out of the water. He was draped in a "Rising Sun" flag, but otherwise nude. The flag has been kept as a trophy by the submarine crew.

WILLIAM HAWKSHEAD, the vampire, advises that he has liberated a dart board for the fore-ends of his new submarine, but regrets that darts were not to be obtained from the same source. That's all in hand, sailor. The dart disher-outer has already fumbled in the feather box, so count the nine feet in readiness.

Ron Richards



A new sister for Tel. A. Stone—Beautiful and Bonny—and mother and sister, too.

FOR you, Wireless Telegraphist Alfred Stone, we present a preview of your five-month-old sister Barbara, whom we saw when we called at 27 Longbow House, Phillip Street, Hoxton.

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In these days of make-do and mend, dressmakers are having a busy time of it, and

sister Dolly is no exception.

At the age of eighteen she is too busy for boy friends, and spends most of her time in making clothes for the latest arrival in the family.

Twelve-year-old brother Benjie, evacuated to Wales, writes home periodically, and lets the family know of his adventures in the land of the leek. Some of them, anyway.

Also in Wales now are cousins Joanie, Bobby, Ronnie and Amy, although they are not billeted in the same place as Benjie.

Your mother hears quite often from Harrow, and you know who that means, don't you? Yes, it's your fiancée, Doris, we're talking about. Mother expects a visit from her soon, and there's no prizes offered for guessing what their main topic of conversation will be.

Cousin Jim, still in the Army, is not finding the Italian climate too bad, and he still writes a few lines occasionally.

The family got your Christmas greetings safely, and hope they were just as successful in sending theirs. While we were

at No. 27 there was a knock at the door, which we answered for your mother. It was the postman with a letter from you.

We hope your mother was able to get the single-sided Ever Ready blades you asked for. If she wasn't, it looks as though you will have to start growing a beard. What about it, sailor?

Remember your old fire-watching pal, Johnny Johnson? He's working at Blackfriars now, and hopes you still remember the games of cards you used to play with him.

Since you have asked about it in your letters, we ought to let you know that the lights haven't yet gone up in Hoxton, but however dim the dim-out may be, there will be a bright welcome waiting for you from all at Whitmore Estate when you return.

Meanwhile, the family are joined by Gran and Grandad, Aunt Winnie, Aunt Clarrie, and Mr. Cohen from the paper shop round the corner, in wishing you all the best until you come home to light up Hoxton yourself.

ALEX CRACK

"You are looking glum this morning, George," said the vicar to the usually cheerful old villager. "What's the matter?"

"Got a new 'at, sir," was the reply.

"A new hat!" exclaimed the vicar. "Well, I should have thought that was a matter for rejoicing."

"Aye," said George, "but it falls off if I laugh."

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—
"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

"NOT TOO HOT TO HANDLE"

MR. CHURCHILL'S promise of "Bigger and better fleets" in the Pacific may account for some of the enquiries I have received regarding the difficulties of photographic processing under tropical conditions.

Sub-Lieut. J. Sherwill has already experienced some snags by developing films in water warmer than usual, so it seems to be a subject worth learning about.

Every amateur who develops his own films will know that the temperature of the developer has considerable effect on the rate of development; the warmer the developer the shorter the necessary time of development.

The relation of time to temperature depends on the developing agent in use, and a scale is given with most marketed brands.

When the temperature is high the time of development may be too brief for practical purposes, so an increase in the amount of restrainer is advised. The recognised restrainer in general purpose developers today is potassium bromide.

The amount of bromide added to the developer and its effect on time of development must be determined in each case, but a normal metol developer used at 100 degrees Fahrenheit will be satisfactory when used with two to three times the original amount of restrainer.

With the types of film, plates and developers popularly used in the British Isles, temperatures of 70 degrees F. and greater should be avoided, but in the tropics special materials permit developing in solutions up to 110 degrees F. with little additional care.

Softening and peeling of the gelatin from the base is overcome by using a specially hardened emulsion. Such films and plates are available in the tropics, marked "Tropical pack." They are usually sold in containers which protect them from heat and damp.

As an alternative or in addition to using these films, a hardening solution may be used before, after, or with the developer. There are many methods and many formulae, so I shall mention two which I know and can recommend. I used them in the West Indies with solutions approaching 100 degrees F., and never once came to grief.

ALEX CRACK

The City man lowered himself into a chair and called for a shave. The little barber was of a swarthy complexion, which indicated that he might be of quick-tempered Balkan blood.

"What's your opinion of this boycotting of the Serbs in Jugoslavia?"

"Same as yours," said the City man readily.

"But how do you know what mine is?"

"It doesn't matter. You've got the razor."

For the first method the film is immersed for two or three minutes in the following solution before developing:—

Sodium sulphate 4oz.
40% Formalin solution 1oz.
Water made up to 20oz.

(Alternatively, use prepared solution such as Kodak or Ilford tropical hardener.)

After a quick rinse, develop and fix as for normal temperatures, but making the necessary allowance for time and temperature.

Alternatively, the addition of 3ozs. of sodium sulphate to each 20ozs. of developer will prove satisfactory for temperatures up to 90 deg. F. For higher temperatures use the first method.

A general rule for processing is that all solutions should be as nearly as possible at the same temperature. To be safe, the developer, fixer and washing water should be within 5 degrees F. of each other.

It is usually easier to change the temperature of the bottled solutions by standing them in a stream of running tap water than it is to provide some form of thermostat for the rinsing bath.

DEREK RICHARDS' PHOTO-FEATURE

Gipsy Baby

I HAD always liked gipsies. I like them for the way they continue to live in the midst of our vaunted civilisation and yet manage to be quite untouched by it. I admire them for their refusal to amass possessions, in a world that is all too apt to measure happiness by the yard-stick of mounting personal property. I honour them for their loyalty to the clan. All of which adds a spice of irony to the little incident I am going to relate.

Every year it has been my habit to allow a family of gipsies to come and pick the snowdrops that grow on my banks. The original bulbs were planted there long before my time, and they have since naturalised and spread until the whole place is carpeted with them. Very nice they look, too, in those seasons when they are not spoilt by late snows.

Well, this year the gipsies arrived, as usual, on the very morning when the snowdrops were at their best for gathering. Their cups not yet fully opened, you'll understand, but hanging like pendant pearls, unbelievably white. Incidentally, I must ask my gipsy friends how it is that they always know exactly the time to pay their visit, as the snow-drop banks are hidden from the lane.

Having asked permission, the whole party—grand-

mothers, daughters and babies—descended from the high wheeled cart and set about their task. The womenfolk took off their coloured aprons, and, spreading them on the grass, threw the flowers on to them. Trust a gipsy to know that over-much handling of the sappy stems is one of the chief causes of early withering. I left them to it and returned to my digging, already behindhand.

And then it happened. From the other side of the hedge a commotion set up, the like of which I had never heard. Women were wailing, babies crying, a confused babbling of strange tongues.

And then, clear through the hubbub a high-pitched whining voice, "Gentleman, gentleman. Oh! my poor baby! Oh, gentleman, my baby's dying!" I went through a gap in the hedge at the run and was met by a handsome girl with a baby in her arms. Now, I'm no medico, but even I could see that something was wrong with that baby. It was stiff. Its eyes were wide open, and, I thought, rolling. It was having some sort of a fit, I decided. I forced a finger into its mouth with a vague idea of preventing it biting its tongue, and was promptly bitten for my pains. I tried to pacify the mother, but it was quite useless. She had reverted to something wild and primitive. She was alternately crooning over the child



and helplessly holding it out, beseeching me to do something.

The mother's panic infected the other gipsies. They stood round in a wailing ring. Something had to be done. I tried to persuade the gipsy to take her baby to Nurse, down in the village. But she appeared too frightened to understand. Finally, I grabbed the infant and hurried with it to the cart. I climbed in and the mother got up beside me and

whipped up the pony. And thus—I sitting up on the gipsy cart nursing a baby—we careered down the lane to Nurse's cottage.

That night, in the pub, I recounted the excitement of the morning. "They're all alike, them gipsies. They just wanted you to go along with them in case the baby died. Be a bit awkward for them sorts without no witness." That was the general opinion, I must confess. But I wonder.

Thieves at the Breakfast Table Spotted by FRED KITCHEN

THE blizzard had raged for a whole night and a day, so that even the fish pond—sheltered as it was at one end by trees and shrubs—was whitened over where the snow had settled on the frozen water.

Only at the sheltered end was there any open water. And here the swan rested moodily, as though resenting the sudden grip of winter that had restricted his sailings to one small corner of the pond.

But there were other occupants. Occasionally a waterhen peeped out from between the reeds and rushes, only to draw its head in again, as though the white world had no attraction for its kind.

Presently a heron appeared along the water's edge, surveyed the one remaining ice-free corner with satisfaction, shook himself, and waded in.

He was hungry—herons always are hungry—and the shallow mud seemed to hold some promise of appeasing his enormous appetite as he probed about for fish or frog.

Then the swan became aware of the intrusion on his private fishing rights, and moved slowly and majestically across.

He "rested on his oars" a few paces away from the heron, and his attitude as he waited—calm and unruffled, while the intruder dived and searched.

The heron, no doubt, thought it was his lucky day when he fished out a whole

bunch of frogs, embracing each other in their hibernating sleep in the mud.

Perhaps the swan looked hungrily at the dangling frogs, or perhaps the heron didn't care to have a swan hanging around at breakfast time. Anyhow, he dropped the bunch of frogs "plop" into the water.

Taking a long stride, he speared his beak at the watching swan, who was so surprised at the suddenness of it that he wheeled round, as though trying to escape.

Then he turned. To be braved on his own doorstep, as it were, was too much for his dignity, and, rearing himself upright on the water, he spread out his enormous wings and rushed into the attack.

For quite five minutes they speared and thrust at each other, and the "back-wash" from the engagement sent the bunch of frogs eddying along shore in separate units.

A waterhen taking its periodical peep from between the reeds saw something floating by and paddled its little body out to investigate.

It rescued frog number one by the foreleg, and carried it ashore under the shrubbery with a "quirk" of anticipation.

That "quirk" awoke the apparently lifeless reeds to a buzz of industry, and waterhens came pouring out to see what the "quirling" was about.

In a very few minutes that



A SAILOR came in, stood by the coat stand, and waited. He was a submariner. He didn't sit down at a table—just waited, looking inquiringly at the waitresses as they passed him—quick-moving, efficient. After a while he took off his hat in a pre-occupied manner, and put it on a peg.

Suddenly his eyes brightened, then as suddenly clouded again. He seemed anxious, and his gaze followed the move-

bunch of frogs was collected up, and the reeds and rushes returned to their apparently lifeless state. No one would have guessed that the little waterhens were snugly hidden there, away from the wintry blast.

Then the heron, after the swan had drawn him into deep water and then sent him flurrying ignominiously shoreward, returned to breakfast.

He searched in vain for that bunch of frogs

New to the Job

ments of a waitress moving between the tables at the far end of the tea-shop.

She was small, elderly, worn and timid. Her colleagues were young and bright. Their skirts showed the customary length of leg, hers reached almost to her ankles. In an effort to appear younger she wore a jaunty bolero to the regulation black dress—but, although she didn't realise it—this emphasised the unfashionable length of skirt.

Her hair—dark hair—was slightly grey: grey as if she had been walking through a mist and beads of silvery moisture had clung to it here and there. It was cut short all over so that it stuck up in curious curls round her worried face—curls whose gaiety looked oddly out of character with the wrinkles.

Her mouth was puckered, small, with little lines round it. She was pathetic—lost.

She didn't know, when asked what remained on the menu. She took orders, forgot them, and had to ask again. Her small, coarse hands fumbled ineffectively among the plates and cutlery.

Her mouth twitched and she looked worriedly eager when new customers came in. She regarded the newcomers hopefully because they didn't know of her mistakes, and she had another chance to make good. But soon she was saying again, "I'm sorry—it's my first day."

The sailor watched her, seeing how difficult everything was—wishing she would come closer to him.

While the other waitresses walked firmly and swiftly among the tables, hands laden with plates and cups, she shrank along with one or two dishes, her open bolero revealing a wide, black patent-leather belt—the sort that young girls wear to show off the natty waistline of their newly discovered figures.

It was with difficulty that the submariner restrained himself from stepping forward to help her as she came, looking as if she were being hustled and pushed in a dense crowd, her arms close against her, her eyes frightened.

There was pity mingled with suspense on his face as he pictured the tray collapsing; gravy spattering the wall, plates breaking—knives clattering—and the big silence.

She put down her tray and picked up some cutlery. It was for a diner hungrily waiting—his food before him—and nothing with which to eat. She made her way towards him.

At that moment the sailor stepped in front of her.

"Lo, Mum," he said. "How's work?"

The cutlery clattered to the floor. People stopped talking. They looked at the couple—the big, smiling submariner, and the hapily startled waitress. Then they turned back—smiling, embarrassed.

One diner looked at the gravy congealing on his plate—sighed, and retrieved his knife and fork from the feet of the elderly waitress.

ELRYN ROSE.

WITH THIS RING

WHY is the wedding ring worn on the third finger of the left hand?

Perhaps you'll think this is not a fair question, for very few bother about it. But after all, it should be the concern of millions. . .

One story which appeared in print not long ago (and incidentally, was not very complimentary to one half of the human race) told how the wedding ring evolved from a ring worn through the nose in the days when wives were regarded as little more than slaves.

Then, adhering strictly to the line that fact is stranger than fiction, someone else described how the ring came from a Christian source—that usually, during the marriage ceremony, the priest touched three fingers of the left

hand in turn with the ring, chanting: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." He then placed the ring on the third and last finger touched.

There was a time, however, when the ring was worn on the thumb. This was in the reign



of George the First of England, when it became quite the fashion to wear it that way. But though it was worn on the thumb it was placed on the third finger during the marriage ceremony.

The third finger, left hand, is sometimes called by jewellers the "Heart Finger," by reason of a belief which they hold that there runs from the heart a nerve or vein direct to the finger. This belief is by no means new.

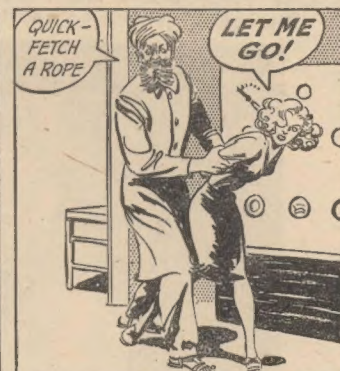
It was held by the Romans in the times when the sun shone brightly on their empire; and so to-day it is not difficult to

understand the deep significance of the act when the bridegroom slips the ring on the bride's third finger.

Wedding rings were not always made of gold. Plain iron ones were used by the Romans as long ago as 200 years before the coming of Christ. It seems, too, that gold rings did not begin to come into vogue until roughly 400 years later. Among the Greeks the custom of the wedding ring goes back much farther than the second century B.C.

Gordon Pack

BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

A LETTER comes from Lieut. P. Duff-Still asking, "What is the best method to preserve stamps in the tropics, mint ones in particular? Slipping them in a stock book, they stick to the page, and placing them in a packet, they come out en masse, all bunged up."

This is a sticky problem, and probably the best solutions are improvised. A collector now serving with the R.A.F. recently wrote down the method in which he had dealt with a similar problem, and I quote it in the hope it may put some ideas into my correspondent's head.

"It was difficult indeed," he said, "to keep my stamps in good condition, as the climate varied from the torrid 130 degrees in the shade at Luxor in Upper Egypt to the icy cold of Sidi Barrani in the winter. These extremes, coupled with torrential downpours at frequent intervals, made life in a tent very miserable. Everything became first wet, then cold, and finally damp. As all philatelists know, climatic changes such as these have a rapidly deteriorative effect on stamps unless suitable precautions are taken."

"I used to envelope my stock books in large sheets of brown paper and keep them in an ammunition box. This ammunition box was German-made of stout wood and zinc lined, and I found it an excellent protector of my now quite valuable collection."

The success of this depends, partly, upon having a German ammunition box. None the less, a suitable substitute might serve my correspondent's purpose.

THE Zanzibar "Al-Bu Said" dynasty commemoratives, which I have mentioned before, were issued late in November, and judging by the demand for them, I should say they will prove a very good investment. I am reproducing the design in this column. Similar commemoratives from India are also keenly sought after, and though as a rule Indian stamps are not popular among knowledgeable collectors, I think this issue, either in mint or fine used condition, are a sound buy.



Winter Relief Fund stamps issued by Holland under German occupation.

THIS year's pair of New Zealand Health stamps is selling at the usual commission over face, but the demand is already surprisingly big.

Since all of this country's Health stamps appreciate when obsolete, I think a few sets put by will show a profit in the future. The design has already been shown in this column.

I AM reproducing this week the thirteenth "flag" stamp to be issued by America in honour of the overrun countries—that for Korea. As usual, the central feature of the design is the national flag in its correct colours, red and blue on a white ground. The Ying-Yang device, symbolising Eternity, is surrounded by four diagrams denoting Heaven, Fire, Water, and Earth respectively, and the name Korea is inscribed beneath the banner. It was issued on November 2.

THE memories of John Mitchell and Thomas Osborne Davis, leaders of the Young Ireland movement of 1845, are to be honoured by a special stamp to be issued by Eire this year. The design is open to competition by Irish artists and carries a prize of £50.

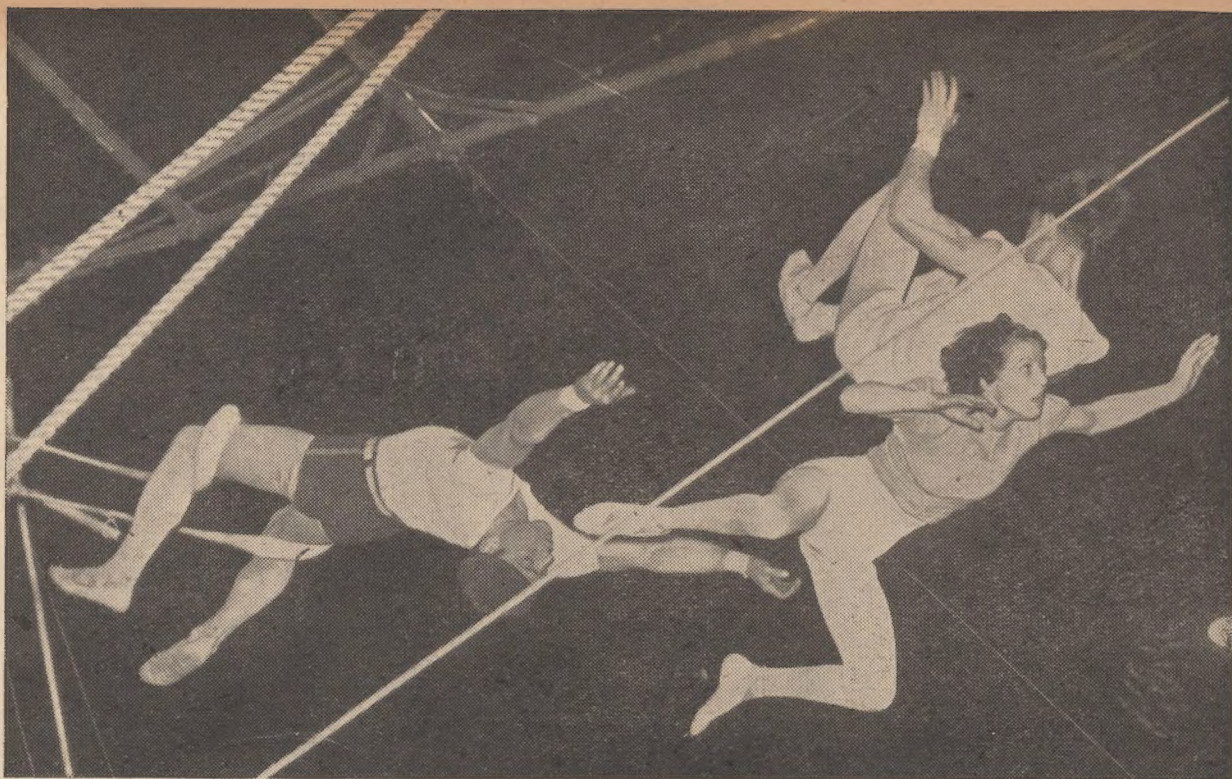
COMMEMORATING the Amateur Baseball Championship Games held at Caracas early in October last, a series of nine air mail stamps was put on sale by the Venezuelan Post Office.



**Good
Morning**



See the Aerialists in their Death-defying feats on the High Trapeze! See Her Hang by Her Lovely Teeth... She defies the Laws of Gravity!



See the Daring Young Woman on the Flying Trapeze. See her Sensational Leap for Life. These Acrobats Scorn the Use of Safety Nets.

The Big Top

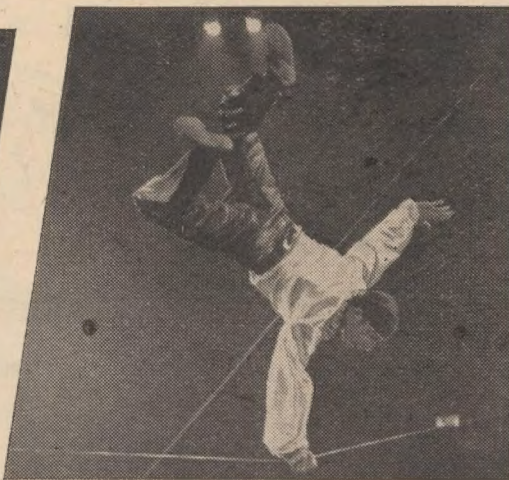
"The Circus is coming to Town." There's a magic and a mystery in that phrase that still stirs the hearts of old and young — and always will. First, the violently-coloured show bills are pasted up everywhere, and little knots of people gather to read of the excitements to come. Next, the circus folk arrive. The gaily-painted caravans wind through the streets to the fair-ground, with the menagerie cages bringing up the rear. The clowns, in full war paint, run through the crowds with a whooping and a somersaulting. An army of workmen erect the Big Top — and the afternoon of the first performance has come!



Real Live Polar Bears Drive Pedal Cars. This is New! This is Different! This is Something You've Never Seen Before.



See the Five Dare-Devils in their Sensational Horse-riding Act. They outride the Cossacks! Hear the Thunder of the Flying Hooves as they Fling Themselves on the Horses' backs!



(Above.) He not only Walks the Tight-rope, he Jumps on it, Skips on it, Turns Somersaults on it, Performs Handstands on it.

(Below.) For the First Time, an Elephant actually Walks the Tight-rope. You Dare not Say you've Never Seen This Act!



She's Feminine to the Tips of Her Toes. She's the Queen of the High Wire. See her do the Splits in Mid-air. See Her, and you'll understand why Sir Isaac Newton turns in his Grave at every performance.